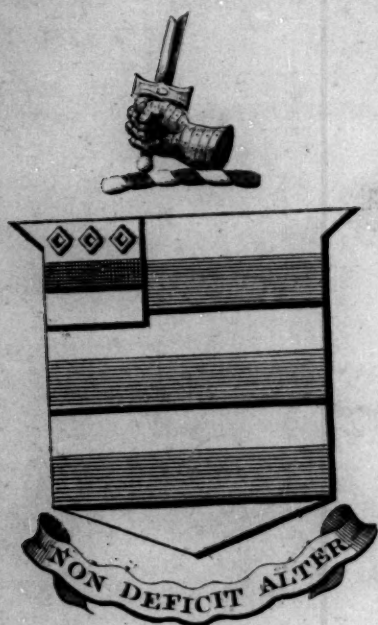
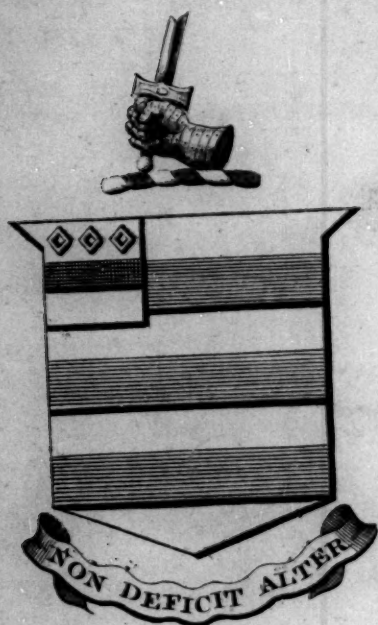


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Stainforth.

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Stainforth.

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

B Y

A L A D Y of Q U A L I T Y.

*In plain Simplicity I rise
No splendid Dress t' attract your Eyes;—
A Woman's Wit, without Disguise.*

}

D'Beau, K



D U B L I N:

Printed for the Author, and sold by the
Bookfellers. M D C C L X I V.



Dorothea DuBois or Lady
Dorothea DuBois as she
chose to call herself was
^{natural}
The daughter of Richard 6th
Earl of Anglessea by Anne
Simpson & married a Dublin
Medician, She is the heroine
of one of his own books
There she died in great
indigence





TO THE
K I N G.

Most Gracious Sire !

BEHOLD, the trembling Muse

B

The Sunshine of your Royal Favour sues :

To your Protection, humbly doth commit,

Some few Productions of unstudy'd Wit.

The benign Influ'nce of my Sov'reign's Eye
Will those Perfections, that they want, supply ;
Add unknown Beauties to each happy Line,
Catch the Reflection of their Rays, and shine
With borrow'd Lustre :—and your Female Bard
Will, in your Notice, meet her wish'd Reward.

Your Majesty's

Most humble,

Most obedient

And most devoted

Subject and Servant,

D—— D'B——.

P R E F A C E.

TOO long you've waited, gentle Reader,

But my dull Pate's a sorry Breeder :

And I must own, 'tis with Affliction

That I have publish'd by Subscription.

What Woman cou'd,—I've try'd to do, Sir,

And what's undone,—I leave to you, Sir ;

As Critic, or as Friend in Corner,

A second Bays, or Mr. *Horner*.

But this I'll swear, 'tis true each Tittle ;

I never yet, was Mrs. *Brittle*.

'Twere best you were, cries *Jack* the Rake,

You lie, dear *Jack*, I mean—mistake ;

Nay where's the Crime, I pray, dear Madam,

'Tis what's practis'd e'er since *Adam*.

That may be *Jack*,—but not by me, Sir,

Nor ever shou'd, with Apes like thee, Sir.

Now, Critic's grave,—begin to rattle,

Have at you,—I'm prepar'd for Battle.

Hey Day! what Nonsense here compounded,

Tales, Fables, Songs and Pray'rs, confounded ;

Nay

Nay Letters too, and Panegyricks :

'Twill give the Reader the Hystericks.

Now Faith, cross *Don*, I do'nt believe you,

Your convex Glafs, doth oft' deceive you.

The World's good-natur'd and will pity

False-concord Words, if Thoughts are witty.

And Critic's Jury, ne'er thou'd pannel

On simple Verse, from Female Channel.

Absurdities in Speech or Writing,

The Author Woman—Men delight in ;

For, when the Object is belov'd, Sir,

Her very Foibles are approv'd, Sir.

So, when the lisping Babe's beginning
To coin new Words, the Father grinning;
Repeats to Wife, or Friend for Sterling
The Word, as utter'd by his Darling.
Then make Remark on me, as mild, Sir,
For I, in Sense,—am but a Child, Sir.

But now, ye Fair, whole keener Wit
To torture mine, may yet think fit;
Forbear the cruel Task, and make
The Product shine—for Pity's sake.
Thus, shall the Diamond's Roughness be,
Refin'd, and polished by thee;

And

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And it's Defects; skreen'd by your Beauty;
The Men shall Praise;—because their Duty.

DUBLIN, *April 27th, 1764.*

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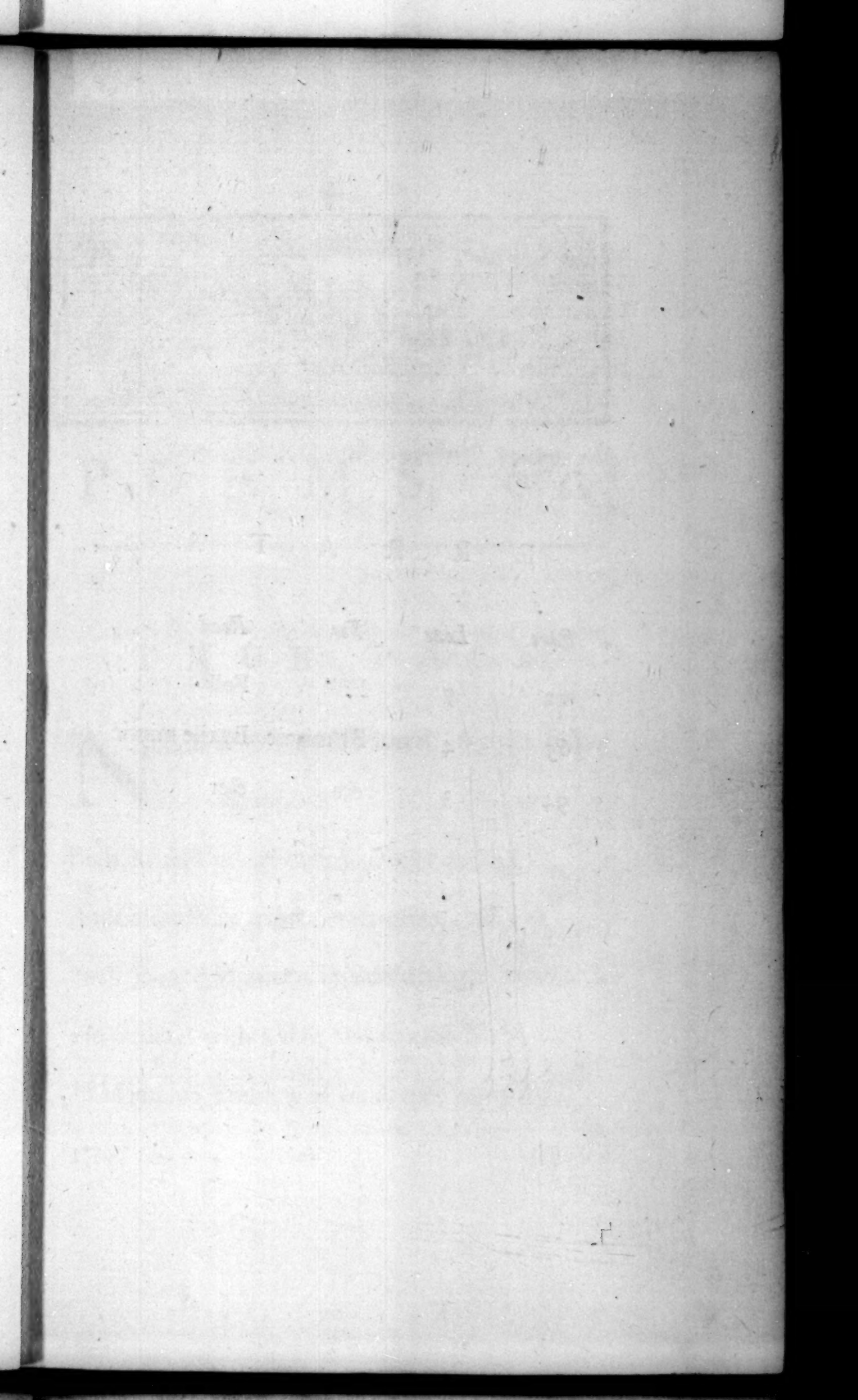
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E R R A T A.

<i>Page</i>	<i>Line</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Read</i>
22	7	Full	Fell
65	4	By mimic	By the mimic
94	3	ere	e'er



POEMS, &c.

A

TRUE TALE.

NATURE had form'd *Angelus* full of
Grace,

Both as to Understanding, Form and Face ;

A pleasing Wit, quick Penetration, and

Such jocund Humour, as wou'd Mirth command,

He wedded with a Fair and spotless Maid,

In blooming Youth and Innocence array'd ;

A

Obtain'd

Obtain'd a Fortune to his Wish; nay more
 Than he cou'd then expect, for he was poor
 In point of Fortune, altho' nobly born;
 But lovely *Anna*, might a Crown adorn,
 So was the Fair-one call'd; and many a Swain
 Strove for her Love, whom *Anglesus* did gain.
 Some Years they liv'd, in Happiness and Peace,
 And Heaven bless'd their Marriage with Encrease,
 Three Daughters (out of Seven) gave them Joy,
 But both were anxious to obtain a Boy.
 Tho' these sweet Pledges, he wou'd often swear,
 To his fond Heart, were equally as dear.

Soon to a Title and a great Estate
Angles' succeeded, by the will of Fate.

His

His lovely Wife, and infant Daughters shone
 In all the Pomp, that Grandeur cou'd put on;
 At Court, at ev'ry public Place appear'd,
 Admir'd by all; by ev'ry one rever'd.
 But who'd on human Happiness depend;
 This short-liv'd, glitt'ring Scene was soon to
 end.

Transient Felicity! — *Anglefus* grew
 Unkind to *Anna*; sigh'd for something Now;
 Beheld a Tenant's Daughter with Desire,
 Nor scrupled to indulge the guilty Fire.
 Tho' mean the *Nymph*, and common to Man-
 kind

She gain'd an Empire o'er his fickle Mind;

Contriv'd such Schemes, and us'd such subtle
Art,

She soon, alas! occasion'd them to part.

The faithful Wife, the tender Mother view,
Now exil'd from her Lord, and Children too;
To his Inconstancy a Victim made,
Forfaken, comfortless, to Want betray'd.

Her hapless Daughters now, like tender Plants,
The Sun-shine of a Parent's Kindness wants;
From Place to Place, the wretched Sufferers tost,
By Heav'n unless preserv'd, had sure been lost.
Dorinda now (the eldest of the Three)

Began to feel the Force of Misery;

Mourn'd

Mourn'd her sad Fate, to be expos'd to Woe
 Ere her weak Years, the Task cou'd undergo.

Scheme after Scheme was for her Ruin laid,
 But Virtue guarded still the tim'rous Maid;
 Attempts prove fruitless, cautiously she trod,
 Entrusting still her Innocence to God.

The pow'rful Guardian, watchful on her side,
 Preserv'd the Maid, who sought Him for her
 Guide.

The King to *Anna*, blest'd his Mem'ry be,
 A Pension gave; and, when at Liberty,
 The anxious Mother to her Children came,
 Shelter'd their Youth, and rescu'd them from
 Shame.

But *Anglesus* the younger Two retakes,
 (Some three Years after) and the First forsakes.

Dorinda, proudly scorn'd each flatt'ring Tale
 To lure her from her Mother none prevail :
 By Nature bound, by Gratitude and Love,
 Blest in a Mother, she'd a Daughter prove.
 Retir'd and quiet from the World's Turmoils,
 They liv'd together, no domestic Broils
 Imbitter'd Life, for peacefully they dwelt,
 When our *Dorinda* some Emotions felt
 For a young Foreigner, whose gentle Mind
 Seem'd for her Happiness alone design'd.
 To the fond Impulse of her Heart she yields,
 Marries the Youth, and both fair *Anna* shields.

The

The tender, kind, good Mother takes a Pride,
 That for the happy Pair she can provide.
 A lisping Offspring gave their Joys Encrease;
 And promises Delight that ne'er can cease.
 While gentle *Anna* loves them as her own;
 And ev'ry Action makes her Virtues known.

When Vice once gains Dominion o'er the Mind,
 She reigns a Tyrant, by no Laws confin'd.
 The hood-wink'd Reason, no clear Object
 views,
 Who hath no Choice, can ne'er pretend to
 chuse;
 But as directed, still his Fate pursues,

Old *Anglefus*, a Slave to Woman's Art,
 Lives from the World and Virtue, quite apart.
 Nurtures a spurious Race, his Fortune spends
 In base Obscurity and has no Friends,
 Save such as Favours want, or yet incline
 T' assist his Folly, in each black Design.

Nature worn out, enfeebled by Disease,
 Burdened with numerous ill-spent Days;
 At length a violent Fit o'erpow'rs his Frame,
 The instant Danger, Doctors strait proclaim.
 While ev'ry Face of his Dependants wear
 A sort of Sorrow, that denotes their Fear.
 Distraction, Horror, sits upon each Brow;
 Each dreads he's lost, his rich Protector now.

Report

Report spreads wide, the interesting News,
 Which each repeats, with his own private Views;
 But all conclude it must, of Course, elate
 His injur'd Family, to hear his Fate:

The Tidings come, unwelcome to their Ears,
 Their Eyes o'erflow, with sympathetic Tears.

The yet most-lovely *Anna* mourns her Lord,
Dorinda's Grief won't let her speak a Word,
 But silent sits; at length the Storm gives Way:

And she in Sobs, her Sorrow doth convey;

Her ev'ry Word proclaims her filial Love,

And doth her Duty and Affection prove.

Her eldest Son she presses to her Heart,

Anglefus, dearest Love, will soon depart;

He

He never saw thee, my sweet lovely Boy,
 Nor ever felt, a kind Grand-father's Joy.
 Tho' from our fond Embraces, long he's stole,
 May-hap he mourns us, with his fleeting Soul:
 Now calls my Mother, now repeats my Name;
 Wou'd see us both, but can't his Wish proclaim.
 For ah! my Love, we've Enemies around,
 Wou'd quickly smother the unwelcome Sound.
 Indeed, Mamma, says the dear prattling Boy,
 Were I with old *Angelus*, I'd employ
 My little Arts to make him fond of you;
 And if I cou'd succeed, he'd love me too.
 True, my dear Creature, cou'd he once but see
 Thy pretty Face, he'd soon be Friends with me.

Then

Then on her Knees she falls, I've one Request
 Which if refus'd me, I shall ne'er have Rest,
 My dearest Mother, grant me it — ah! do,
 And you, my Husband! gratify me too.
 Permit me, of my Father to obtain
 One parting Glimpse, and happy I'll remain:
 Nature and Conscience, now may take my Part,
 Awake his Tendernefs, and turn his Heart.
 To gain his Blessing, ere he quits this Life,
 To reconcile him to his injur'd Wife;
 Wou'd be such Extacy of Blifs to me,
 I'd wish no greater 'tween Eternity.
 Soft'ned at length, the kind Permission giv'n,
 They recommend her to the Care of Heav'n!

And

And each, by Turn, fast hold her in their Arms,
 Beseeching God! to shield her from all Harms,
 Dissolv'd in Tears — they parted — swift she flew
 T'experience Villainy of deepest Hue.
 Sh' obtain'd the fight, so earnestly she fought,
 But at the Hazard of her Life 'twas bought.
 The cruel Father imprecating lay,
 Disowning Nature, order'd her away ;
 Tho', to Appearance, ready just to go,
 And pay that Debt which all to Nature owe.
 A num'rous Throng of Ruffians now surround
 The sad *Dorinda*, prostrate on the Ground.

His

His base-born Son, a Pistol e'en presents,
Behind her Head; but watchful Heav'n
prevents

The Fiend from executing his Intents.

They pull and drag her, tear her Hands and
Cloak,

Nay dare uplift their own to give a Stroke?

Force her from Room to Room, then down the
Stairs,

Nor heed her piteous Cries, nor flowing Tears.

Some, more humane, now shook indeed their
Head

As they pass'd by, but nothing still they said.

(Scarce

(Scarce two Months past a dang'rous Lying-in,
Such cruel Usage surely was a Sin.)

Now driv'n from the House, *Dorinda* fate
And humbly warm'd her at the Kitchen Grate.
While ev'ry Word, was followed by a Sigh,
Behold her Woes draw Tears from ev'ry Eye.
Her Servants now are ty'd, her Horse's Ear
Inhumanly cut off: 'tis much they spare
Dorinda's Life, whom thus they seem to hate
With Spleen, uncommonly inveterate.
Forc'd now to walk along the dirty Road,
Her Legs scarce able to support their Load ;
They bring her Pris'ner to th' adjacent Town,
Where her unhappy Fate's no sooner known,
Than

Than all lament the Usage she receiv'd,
 They wept in Secret, and in Secret griev'd:
 But none dare openly express their Grief,
 Nor, tho' she fasting was, bestow Relief.
 Faint, hungry, cold and comfortless she sate
 The whole long Night, bemoaning of her Fate;
 No Bed whereon to lay her weary'd Head,
 By Grief and Sorrow she alone is fed.

The wish'd-for Morn but slowly doth appear,
 The Horrors, of the Night encrease her Fear;
 The beating Rains, the Winds dread hollow roar,
 And heavy Clouds, you'd think her Fate deplore.

The

The tardy Morn, at length, bestows his Light,
 Behind the Clouds, bright *Phæbus* hides from
 Sight.

His Course near run, when see *Dorinda* brought
 To a bleak Park — Oh! Ill surpassing Thought!
 There kept, there threat'ned, fright'ned to Des-
 pair,

Her Screeches rend the terrified Air.

At last exhausted, Limbs benumb'd decline
 Their usual Office, and on Earth recline:
 Unanimated now, she breathless lies,
 While all repeat, too sure, alas! she dies:
 Recall'd, she treads the Scene of Woe again,
 And frantic raves, and calls on Death in vain:

The

The pale-fac'd Moon, the twinkling Stars admire;

Whilst she in Fancy grasps, th' exalted Fire;

Calls on her Husband! Mother! Infants! Friends!

Then cries alas! I've none — none Comfort sends;

Thus madly raving she by two is led,

Racing one Moment, sinks the next as dead.

A second Morn brings Life and Spirits too,

And she gains Leave her Journey to pursue.

Her Servants Pris'ners kept, behind remain;

While she a well-affected * Town doth gain.

* *Ferns*, in the County of *Wexford*.

They soon o'ertake her with their savage Guard ;
 Who narrowly escap'd their due Reward :
 Th' enrag'd Inhabitants together rose,
 And their *Dorinda's* Enemies oppose.
 Fierce Anger blaz'd in each resenting Eye,
 And Stones, in Show'rs, at her Oppressors fly.
 Is this, cry'd they, for Duty a Reward,
 This a Return for such a Child's Regard ?
 A Child, which once he doated on so much,
 Can we believe our Eyes, his Nature's such,
 That to so dutiful a Daughter, he
 Can so unnatural a Father be ?
 May we but see the Day, when we may take
Dorinda's Part, for her lov'd Mother's Sake.

With

With Hands uplifted, Heav'n then implor'd
 To turn the harden'd Heart of *Anna's* Lord.
 Thus disappointed, quite abash'd, return'd
 The sad *Dorinda*, who this Trial mourn'd;
 Deeming it Rashness, her Attempt to move
 A Father's Tendernefs, fo void of Love.
 The fole Refult of it was only Pain,
 And Madnefs nearly had o'er-turn'd her Brain.
 The troubl'd *Anna* lifpens to her Tale
 With pain'd Attention, nor can long conceal
 The rifing Tumults, struggling in her Breaf;
 But Sighs aloud, and Tears fhe long fuppreff
 Burft forth in Torrents — while *Dorinda's* Lord
 Smothers his Grief, and utters not a Word.

At last, within his Arms he folds his Wife,
 And cries, I'm happy, they have spar'd thy Life;
 But ah! my Love, what need had you to go,
 And willingly thus plunge yourself in Woe?
 Thus leave your Mother, little Babes and me,
 In Search of naught, but Inhumanity;
 Thy Father's Heart, alas! too hard'ned grown,
 Denieth Pity, even to his own:
 But I, susceptible of all thy Charms,
 Ne'er wish another in those faithful Arms.

Since this, behold, *Dorinda* fearful flies
 Her once-lov'd Cottage, where her Treasure
 lies;

Self-

Self-preservation orders them to part,
 And she forfakes them, with an aching Heart,
 Comes up to Town, in search of some Relief,
 And to her Friends discovers all her Grief.
 They Pity her—condemn the lawless Man,
 And joy she scap'd the Dangers which she ran.

But now, to sum up all *Dorinda's* Woe,
Angelus really dies, 'twas order'd so,
 Offended Heav'n! wou'd no longer see
 A Man absorb'd in Vice and Infamy:
 His Talents buried, his Genius cramp'd,
 And by base Influence, each Virtue damp'd.
 What Pity, that those Qualities divine
 Shou'd be exhausted in a Life supine?

That Intellectuals, bright and shining shou'd
 Have lost their Force, nor sought the public
 Good;

But ev'n a Scourge to his right Offspring prove,
 While those of *Devilyn*, engross'd his Love.

Thus liv'd *Anglefus*, dup'd by Woman's Art;
 Who when he dy'd, to shew her real Heart
 A black Compound, of full Ingratitude
 (Which she had then no Power to elude)
 She disrespectfully his Corps interr'd,
 And some few Guineas to his Fame preferr'd.
 Laid in a shallow half-dug Grave, behold!
 The great *Anglefus*, strip'd of all his Gold;

No

No Mourners, no Attendants in the Dark,
 With scarce a Link, he's hurried thro' his Park,
 His Body, on his Coach's-body laid,
 Within a Coffin, of a Fir-tree made;
 The horrors, of a black and gloomy Night,
 Set the poor Horses in such sad affright,
 That thro' the rustling Trees they took their
 Flight,

And like t' have left in Pieces the Remains
 Of poor *Angelus*, mangled on the Plains.
 His Soul, in Conflict, on his dying Bed
 Recogniz'd all his Errors, oft, he said,
 He wrong'd his Wife, his Children; then implor'd
 From Death a Respite, of th' Almighty Lord!

That He, in some Sort, might those Crimes
atone,

For which his Conscience did incessant groan:

He mourn'd that Life he had so long mis-spent,

But most of all, their Sufferings did lament.

The vicious *Devilyn* to Virtue lost,

Wou'd at his Bed-side, still maintain her Post;

And like a Fiend, tormented him ere dead,

Constr'ing to Folly, ev'ry Thing he said.

Her own curst Int'rest the Decision-gave,

My Lord, says she, indeed does only rave;

He knows not what he says, thus his Distress

She strove to heighten, not to make it less.

But

But ere he dy'd, some nine Years, as they say
 She o'er his Mind, obtain'd so great a Sway,
 That tho' already marry'd, (to her Shame
 Be't spoken) she obtain'd the shadowy Name
 Of Wife, altho' he had no Right to give
 That Name to any one, and *Anna* live.

But, so infatuated was he grown,
 He fear'd her Pow'r, and quite forgot his own.
 His Will, or rather her's, she next has done,
 And leaves th' Estate to her ill-gotten Son :
 Whom in it she styles L—d, her Daughters
 too

She titles Ladies, what won't Cunning do?

The

The artful Wretch obtains whate'er she craves,
 Then as a Tyrant, to her Dupe behaves.
 Thus she, who once wou'd to his Foot-men yield,
 Becomes his Queen, and doth his Sceptre wield,
 Exerts a Power, by few Wives assum'd,
 Or rather none, it is to be presum'd.

To Law! voracious Law, fair *Anna* now
 Must have Recourse, it cannot disallow
 Her Right, which on it's own Foundation lies,
 And can't be deaf to Truth's distressful Cries.
Dorinda and her Sisters too appeal
 To Truth and Justice, these must strait pre-
 vail

O'er

O'er Vice and Perjury, for sure in vain
Distressed Virtue never can complain,
Where soft Compassion, well is known to
reign.

ON THE
Death of his late Majesty,
AND ON THE
Accession of his present Majesty
to the Throne.

THE mournful Muse, in dismal Sable drest,
Her Head, sunk low upon her pensive Breast;
With Arms across, unanimated lies,
And speaks her Grief, 'tween interrupting Sighs.

Mourn,

Mourn, mourn, with me, ye People, and give

way

To honest Tears — a Tribute we shou'd pay,

To the blest *Manes*, of our belov'd King!

Our Father! Friend! — Legitimately spring

The deep-felt Sorrow, which your Looks express;

Nor shou'd it, for so good a King, be less.

He, as a tender Parent, anxious strove

To raise his People, and to shew his Love;

The Monarch, and the Man, he equal wore,

Nor, as a Monarch, priz'd himself the more:

Thus did he live — and thus lamented dy'd

Britannia, Scotia and Hibernia's Pride.

But

But now, behold! the Genius of our Isle
 Advancing, with a manly placid Smile,
 His Looks denote Contentment, Joy and Love,
 And hark! his Voice doth ev'ry Care remove.
 Rejoice, ye People, tho' your *George* is dead,
 Behold, a blooming Monarch in his Stead
 Another *George*, within whose youthful Breast,
 Both *George* and *Fredrick's* Virtues, are imprest;
 Imbib'd in infancy, their Maxims rare,
 And *George*, shall prove, he's worthy all their Care.
Britannia's Genius watchful at his Side,
 Shall guard the Royal Youth, and damp the
 Pride

Of *Gallic* Foes—And by a lasting Peace
Crown this blest'd Isle with Honour and En-
crease.

The prudent Labour, of our late good King
Shall prove a Root, from which shall surely spring:
Unfading Laurels, to adorn the Head
Of *George* the Third — o'er whom may Virtue
Spread
Her Sacred Wings, and Heav'n still pour down
It's choicest Blessings, on the *British* Throne.

O D E

O D E
ON THE
Marriage and Coronation of their
Most Sacred Majesties,
King *GEORGE* III.
AND
Queen *CHARLOTTE*.

RECITATIVE.

CONCORDIA's Favorite, *Britannia*, smiles,
And sends glad Tidings, to her Sister Isles ;
The high-arch'd Heav'ns echo forth the Tale,
Hymen and Love, in *George's* Breast prevail.

The

The youthful Monarch, struck with Virtue's
Charms,

To blest *Charlotta* opes his Royal Arms;
Amidst repeated Conquests, courts the Fair
To share his Glory, and his Kingdoms share.

AIR.

Love and *Hymen*, both united
To subdue him, but clear-sighted,
Prudence wou'd the Shaft direct;
Wisdom and Religion siding,
George's Choice, his Wishes guiding,
Shall their fav'rite Pair protect.

C

Come,

AIR.

Come, *Flora* sweet, exert thy Pow'r,

Unfading Chaplets strait prepare;

Collect each gay delicious Flow'r,

To crown the lovely Royal Pair!

Beneath their Foot-steps, strew the Rose,

But strip the Thorn from off the Stem;

The sweet'st Flow'r, by far, that grows,

And in it's Bloom, resembles them.

RECITATIVE.

Hark! how the Trumpet's martial Notes

The gladfom Heart rejoice,

While slaught'ring Cannons hoarser Throats,

Assume loud Thunder's Voice;

But

But now the dread, the hollow Roar

Wastes, gradu'lly upon the Shore ;

The awful Sound no more we hear,

But melting Strains attract the Ear.

AIR.

Ev'ry Soul-enchancing Beauty,

Deck the chosen of the King ;

Ev'ry Grace, with ardent Duty

To *Charlotta's* Features spring.

Sprightly, pleasing in her Mein,

As *Dian* chaste,

With Virtue grac'd ;

Not all too much, for *George's* Queen.

AIR.

Smiling Joys, around them waiting,

Mutual Fires,

Fond Desires,

Never cloying, ne'er abating;

See! promis'd from the blest Embrace

A *Briton* Monarch's blooming Race.

CHORUS.

O grant, ye Gods, *Hibernia's* Pray'r ;

Let Angels guard the Royal Pair !

Be they virtuous, good and great,

And ev'ry Joy their Wish attend ;

May choicest Blessings round them wait,

And distant Nations to them bend :

Now,

Now, loudly let the Valléys ring.

Long live *Britannia's* true-born King.

Necessity, Pride and the Poet,

A

F A B L E.

N ECESSITY, by Chance one Day
Encount'ring Pride, was heard to say :

“ To you alone, it is we owe

“ That Mankind sink beneath their Woe;

C 3

“ You're

- “ You’re so implanted in their Nature,
“ That Man’s become a helpless Creature
“ In my dire Circuit, oft’ I’ve known
“ A slight Misfortune, mortal grown ;
“ By thy curst Instinct, bar’d from striving
“ By honest Means to get a Living.
“ You say, Industry is a less’ning Thing,
“ Which makes Contempt in great Folks spring.
“ Where Fortune frowns, I still attend,
“ But when Humility’s their Friend,
“ Some Method I am apt to point,
“ To baffle their Distress and Want :
“ But wheresoe’er you’re known to reign,
“ I there Advice bestow in vain.”

Pride, rais'd her haughty Head on high,
And made this scornful short Reply
Said she, " When Folks are nobly born,
" To Labour gains immortal Scorn."

While thus they parley'd, they perceiv'd
A Nymph, by adverse Fortune griev'd.
Necessity address'd her straight,
And by her Elbow took her Seat ;
While sullen Pride, with austere Look,
Another Seat, in Silence took.
At length, Invention's Mother broke
The awful Silence, and thus spoke :

“ Say, Daughter, why oppress’d with Care?

“ Ha’n’t bount’ous Nature, to your Share

“ Some Talent giv’n? some Means bestow’d

“ To prop Affliction’s crushing Load?”

“ Alas! reply’d the Nymph, I find

“ To scribe Verses I’m inclin’d;

“ Beneath my Pen, dictating Woe

“ First bid pathetic Numbers flow :

“ But in an Age, where Wit and Sense

“ In Thousands shine! I’ve no Pretence.

“ And Woman’s Wit, like mine unlearn’d,

“ By many will have Faults discern’d.”

With

With angry Frown, said Pride at Length,
Who to be silent wanted Strength,
“ Consider, Madam! who you are,
“ One of a high, distinguish’d Sphere.
“ Let me, a Friend, for once advise you,
“ Don’t write — The Beau-Monde will despise

“ you ;

“ Turn Author—let it not be known,
“ Nobility will on you frown,
“ And then your Scheme is overthrown.

}

“ Pray who art thou? she strait reply’d,
“ If I mistake not, you are Pride,

“ From

“ From *Satan* sprung, of his damn'd Train,

“ Source of his Fall, and Height'ner of his Pain.

“ I know thee not, nor wou'd I know

“ One, that enhances human Woe;”

I scorn to do an Action base,

Left Conscience shou'd my Woes encrease;

But ne'er shall be, above the Task,

To work for Bread—tho' not to ask.

A

P R A Y E R.

JUDGE Omnipotent thou, of Pow'r immense,

Thou true Discerner of our human Sense ;

Thou great Protector, and thou only Friend

On whom, for all Things, I alone depend,

Divest my Soul of ev'ry frail Design,

And make it spotless, pure and only Thine ;

From ev'ry erring Thought, O! set it free,

And let me speak, or think, of naught but Thee.

On

On the Death of a young Lady
who was inoculated for the
Small-pox.

DID you, to save poor Sally's Beauty strive?
Have you destroy'd what might be still alive?
Where was a tender Mother's Fondness flown,
Or who'd inflict Job's Torment on their own?
Who wou'd presume to tempt the Lord on High,
Or his divine Authority defy?

Audacious

Audacious Mortals, see! how soon He can
 Undo and frustrate the Attempts of Man.
 Sweet *Sally* thanks thee, for thy unskill'd Pains;
 Your's still be the Affliction, her's the Gains.
 She, like a Rose misplac'd by Nature, sprung
 From a coarse Bramble, on a heap of Dung;
 But to her kindred Heaven, she is gone,
 Have you her Equal with you? no not one.

Sally indeed, was lovely and discreet,
 Mild in her temper, in her Nature sweet;
 Innocently gay, civil yet sincere,
 For *Sally* was, in short, above her Sphere.
 Ah! was it then the mere Effect of Pride?
 And strove ye just to save a fair Outside?

Was

Was not a Soul in such bright Robes array'd

Sufficiently attractive in the Maid?

Who wou'd the Mind's superior Beauties place

In Competition with a pretty Face?

And yet, where is the wise Mamma, or wiser
Father,

Who if they had the Choice, wou'd not much
rather

Have their sweet darling Babe a perfect Beauty,
Than just remark'd for Piety and Duty?

The Sight attracted, quickly gains the Heart,

While Sense, but slowly does her Charms impart.

But, Thanks to Heav'n! who has given me
Sufficient Sense, to wait its wise Decree;

No

No Vanity of mine, shall make me dare
With its high Judgment e'er to interfere.
But to my lov'd Creator, I will still
Submit each Dictate of his Servant's Will.

A
F A B L E.

OLD Time and Pleasure, on a Day,
Once met, as they did walk ;
Dear Time (says Pleasure) pr'ythee stay,
Let's have some friendly Talk.

Alluring

Alluring Fair (said he) I know

The World are Slaves to thee;

Upon thee ev'ry Thought bestow,

And make no Store of me.

My destin'd Race, I still pursue,

Nor can one Moment stay;

Lest those blind Crouds that follow you,

O'ertake me on my way.

Then swift along the Plain he ran,

While loit'ring Pleasure stood,

To intercept the View of Man,

Enticing all she cou'd.

Some

Some few, indeed, kept up with Time,
That her Temptations shun;
But such as with gay Pleasure chime,
Delay, and are undone.

S O N G.

SAY, ye gracious Pow'rs, if purer
Sentiments inform a Breast;
Or if Nymph was e'er securer
Of a tender Heart possess'd.

D

Mine

Mine for *Silvia*, owns a Passion.

By no fordid Views deform'd;

Love inspir'd, by Inclination,

That by Sense and Virtue warm'd.

In my *Silvia*, Nature sheweth

All her wonted Skill to please;

Blest her Work, who thus endoweth

So much Charms, with so much Ease.

Grant me, Heaven! my petition

Let fair *Silvia*, be but mine;

You can then, make no Addition

To my Bliss, tho' Worlds are thine.

SOLILOQUY.

REJOICE my Soul, thy Trials are so great ;
And praise the high Dispenser of thy Fate.

So God ! refines the Vessels he approves,

And thus chastises Children that he loves.

Tho' great thy Task, think it's the Will Divine ;

And thankfully thy Will, to His resign.

Bless ! bless the Hand, that this Correction gives,

And think him poor, that uncorrected lives ;

The Eye of Heav'n! is watchful on thy side,
And Patience never can be known, till try'd.
Bear nobly up against thy Weight of Woe,
And thou wilt dearer to thy Maker grow.

A N O T H E R.

Y E S! frantically I rage around
The Hills and Dales,

And lonely Vales;

Nor think my Foot-steps touch the Ground,
But Happiness cannot be found.

Yet,

Yet, hush! some Comfort now I find,

The dawning Light,

Of Reason bright;

Appears within my anxious Mind,

And gives me Notions, more refin'd.

Alas! what Dungeon was I in?

My Eyes are weak,

For Heaven's Sake,

Was I not ent'ring into Sin?

But Penitence, will Pardon win.

A
L E T T E R.

To a Parson in the C——ty W———d.

EZEKIEL, Chap. xxxiii. V. 8.

When I say unto the Wicked, O wicked Man, thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not speak, to warn the Wicked from his Way, that wicked Man shall die in his Iniquity: but his Blood will I require at thine Hand.

WHERE is the Warning that our Watchmen give.

Who side the Wicked, and with Sinners live?

Wink

Wink at Profaneness, nay the Crime applaud

Which they should labour, to make us avoid ?

What need have we, to pay a lazy Tribe

Of Priests, whom *Satan* easily can bribe

To let unwary Souls, unheeded, stray

Into the Snares the Enemy doth lay ?

Thou see'st the Sword, and the impending
Storm,

Yet warnest not, the Wicked to reform ;

You see Perdition, waiting on each Deed,

The Sword is plung'd, behold the Sinner bleed

“ But at thine Hand, his Blood will I require ”

Saith the Just God ! then tremble at the dire,

At the unshaken Judgment of the Lord;
Who most assuredly will keep His Word.
Canst thou, that deadly Crime, Adult'ry, view,
And yet be dumb? self-interested Crew.
Sound! sound the Trumpet, tho' the Man be
great.

Reprove his Fault, and warn him of his Fate.

Another

Another to the E. of *A—y*,
inclos'd in the former.

HEAR! O my Father, let me once prevail;
Nor deem it Boldness — this my pious Zeal.

Fain wou'd I charm th' Attention with my Rhime,
And make thee listen to a Theme sublime;
Which like a Cordial, to thy Soul shall be,
(The healing Balm, kind Heav'n, distil thro' me :)
Pour it, O Lord, into each gaping Wound,
And kindly probe 'em, 'till the Whole be sound;

Give

Give him a View of Happiness, so pure
That but one Glimpse, may chance t' effect his Cure.

Let me invite thee, Father, to the Place,
Where Heav'n's dread King! sits on the Throne
of Grace!

Where Joy celestial, doth incessant roll,
Diffusing Gladness on each happy Soul;
Where Face to Face, we may our Maker view,
And join in Praises, that's alone his Due.
But that Admittance, may not be deny'd,
Let us a Wedding-garment, first, provide;
Strip off, the ragged Garb of Sin we wear,
But in the Change, let us avoid Despair,

That

That is a Dress, so coarse and dismal too,

We'd be afraid our Journey to pursue.

Let us Repentance, for a Robe prepare,

Faith, for a Breast-plate, next our Hearts we'll
wear;

Hope, as a Helmet, shall adorn our Head,

And o'er our Shoulders, Charity we'll spread.

Thus when array'd, we boldly may go on;

Nor fear Admittance when our Glass is run.

More Joy's in Heaven, doth the Lord declare,

O'er one poor Sinner, who repenteth here,

Than

Than Ninety-nine just Persons can bestow :

Then give that Joy, Dear Father, ere you go

To pay the Debt, which all to Nature owe.

Addressed to the C—ty of

W—d in 1757.

IS there no Pity in the human Mind?

Shall the Afflicted, no Compassion find?

Do Christians, only now, profess the Name,

A mere Outside, their Hearts no more the

same?

Ah!

Ah! where is ev'ry social Virtue flown :
Is each an unrelenting Heathen grown ?
Does no Humanity inform your Breast ;
What Glory is't, to vanquish the oppress'd ?

Int'rest now sways the giddy Croud indeed !
If Vice is fought, while Innocence must bleed.
No longer, now, the vicious Age retains
Remembrance kind of Virtue's sad Remains ;
She is so meagre grown, so out of Vogue,
That he, who entertains her 's thought a Rogue ;
Shun'd and despis'd, pointed at, forlorn,
And strait becomes their laughing Stock, their
Scorn.

For

For Poverty's the only Crime ye hate;
 He's only good, who's pow'rful and great.
 Riches blot out the most detested Sin,
 And had I that, I'd your Affections win;
 You'd fancy Charms, in all my Actions then,
 And make my Praise, the Labour of each Pen.
 But ah!

Why on the World shou'd my Resentment fall?
 Does not my Father authorize you all;
 Han't he abandon'd me without a Cause?
 Scorning to yield, to Nature's binding Laws.
 His alienated Heart denies to bend
 To the Endearments of his real Friend;

Whilst

Whilst his foul Progeny, a spurious Race!

Infect his Reason, and usurp my Place.

Lift thy Almighty Hand, O Gracious Pow'r!

Avenge my Wrongs, let Fate no longer low'r,

Pluck from the Garden of his Love, each Weed,

And range in Order, Plants from lawful Seed:

There let them root, and thriving Branches

spread,

With filial Tenderneſs, around his Head.

Shade him from the Inclemencies of Age,

Tempestuous Sorrow, and despairing Rage;

For Oh! my Heart, with pious Duty fraught,

Laments my Father, ſhou'd ſo low be brought,

To

To stoop to Actions, as his Foes direct,
 And that material Part, his Soul, neglect.
 But Sin, perhaps, has all its Horrors lost,
 And now's no Crime, a trifling one at most.
 Sure all are Atheists, or as such appear,
 And there's no Thought, of an Here-after here.
 Crimes, which of Old, were punish'd and ab-
 horr'd,
 Are now not only wink'd at, but ador'd.
 Some of our Pastors, even patronize
 Crimes once detested, of enormous Size;
 Adult'ry, and its Spawn are now carest,
 Led by the Hand, and with their Favour blest.

No Wonder then, if their Example shou'd
 Uplift the Wicked, and pervert the Good.
 If our sage Leaders, do the Thing that's wrong,
 They're ever follow'd by mimic Throng.
 Is it not strange the Pulpit shou'd exclaim
 Against our Faults, and yet protect the same?
 O Heav'nly Pow'r! where is thy Justice flown,
 Who see'st those Shepherds so unheedful grown?
 Each finds Excuse, he's some sinister View,
 But will that serve, as an Excuse to you?
 Is Wrath Divine, so easily appeas'd,
 With Man's Ambition, was it ever pleas'd?
 Ah! no, then tremble, Mortals, at the Thought,
 That thou wilt to the Test, too soon be brought,

E

Before

Before the awful Throne of Heav'n, to give

A full Account, thy Sentence to receive.

Where then will the Incend'ry end his Strife,

Who puts between the lawful Man and Wife?

That Action, is by Heav'n deem'd accurst;

I'd give you Texts in Plenty, if I durst.

But I've such Rev'ence for the Word Divine,

I fear misusing it, in Verse like mine.

Thus much I'll say, the Peace-maker is blest,

Then lay thy Hand with Candor on thy Breast;

The Blessing and the Curse, with Prudence

weigh,

Don't partial side me, nor with Hate inveigh;

But the decision, Christian-like, convey.

Is't

Is't not more Joy, the parted to unite,
 Than by ill Offices, to part them quite?
 And if by thy Assistance thou could'st make
 The wretched Sinner his lov'd Guilt forsake?
 And all his past Miscarriages retrieve,
 Woud'st thou not Glory, by this Act atcheive;
 Ah! then, since Individuals form the Whole,
 Each kindly try, for to reform his Soul;
 Stir up the Father,—Nature too will aid,
 Think on your Conscience, I this Task have laid.
 Then, as at the Last Day, thy anxious Mind
 Conceiveth hopes, Forgiv'ness for to find;
 I charge ye, Brethren, Christians and Divines,
 T' assist me, in my pious fond Designs.

And then, with Gratitude, I'll leave thy Praise,
To future Ages—in my choicest Lays.

S O N G.

FOLLY, Vice and Pride,
My Pen must deride,
Where-ever they are known to reign;
Tho' with Fortune blest,
And in Titles drest,
It shall ne'er damp the Critic Strain:
I despise the Set,
Who, themselves forget,
And are of Fortune's Favours vain,

View

2.

View our Royal King,
See all Virtues spring
Within his lovely sacred Breast;
Nature's Favourite,
Form'd Love to excite,
With Fortune's Bounties amply blest:
His Example's fair,
Wou'd his Subjects were
Of his Humility possest!

3.

But with Pride o'er-run,
The distress'd they shun,
As tho' their Woes contagious prove;
Get but Money, then
You're a Saint again,
Their Scorn immediately seems Love:
But in Sorrow drest,
They your Sight detest,
You can't their frozen Pity move.

What

What is Man, I pray?

Was n't he form'd of Clay?

And shall he not to it return?

Tho' he vaunts it here,

Soon he'll disappear,

His future Lodging, a cold Urn:

Folly, Vice and Pride,

Can't the Victim hide,

Doom'd endless Ages, Life to mourn.

THE
CONTRAST.

IN balmy Sleep, the peaceful Mind,

By no bad Deed oppress'd ;

With Quiet, lays him down resign'd,

And takes his wonted Rest.

The Day in Righteousness doth glide,

And to the needy Poor,

With Chearfulness he opens wide.

The charitable Door.

While

While the poor Wretch, who falsely trod,

The thorny Path of Life,

In Fear of neither Man or God,

Is fill'd with endless Strife.

His frightful Dreams at Night, present

The Horrors of the Day;

Nor has he Power to repent,

'Till Life is fled away.

A N
A D D R E S S
T O T H E
Harmonious Brothers.

BY Harmony together brought,

Apollo's Sons behold,

By Music charm'd their ev'ry Thought,

As *Magi* were of Old.

Such sweet, enchanting, heav'nly Sounds,

Beneath their Fingers rise,

Imagination has no Bounds,

But soars above the Skies.

The

The list'ning Ear, at first receives

The animated Air,

Distilling thence the Soul relieves,

And banishes our Care.

It gives the inward Man new Form,

Sings *Lul—a—by* to Pain;

Lays Anger's fierce impending Storm;

Smooth'd Nature smiles again.

The Nerves relax'd, inactive lie,

Blood does in *Cadence* move;

The Senses charm'd, with Pleasure die,

And to *Elizium* rove.

How

How happy they, who thus can pass

The tedious Hours away ;

Between a healthful, sober Glas,

And such extatic Play ?

Ye Sons of Science, *Phæbus* smiles,

And bids your Union last ;

The Muses, too, will use their Wiles

To dignify your Taste.

The Graces, also, bear a Hand

To decorate your Fame,

Behold ! the dimpl'd Sisters stand

Responfors for your Name.

On

On a young Lady.

WHO see young *Phæbe*, own her fair,
And read Good-humour in her Air;
Majestic Height, each blooming Grace,
Enhance the Beauties of her Face.
Her Smiles bespeak the Soul within,
As free from the minutest Sin,
As infant Babe, at Mother's Breast,
Or those who're number'd 'mongst the Blest.
Each Glance of the angelic Maid,
• In softest Innocence array'd;

Conveys

Conveys a Pleasure so elate,

We think, we Heav'n contemplate.

Believe not that I flatter can,

For I, fair Nymph, am not a Man;

One of thy Sex, not envious form'd,

Now boasts she's with thy Beauties charm'd;

Nor ever wonder, if you gain

The fond Addresses of each Swain;

For he who can unmoved see

Those Charms which have attracted me,

Must want a Sense, or Stoic be,

EPITAPH.

EPI T A P H.

HERE lies a Man now, who, when living,
Ne'er tir'd himself too much with giving;

And when he found himself a-dying,

To hold the Humour, fell a-crying.

Dear Wife, quoth he, I'm now a-going,

Be sure, you never pay what's owing.

It grieves me much, that I must pay

The Debt I owe my Mother Clay.

COLIN's

COLIN's Dream.

BRIGHT *Sol* had to his *Thetis* gone,
And Night, her starry Mantle on,

Invited *Luna* to appear,

And deck with Light the Hemisphere :

The pale-fac'd Goddess, gently 'rose,

And *Colin* sought his wish'd Repose.

In balmy Sleep the Shepherd lay,

When he, by Fancy led astray,

Imagines, that himself he found

The Owner of a Waste of Ground,

Whereon

Whereon a stately Palace stood,
 Encompass'd by a beauteous Wood.
 That busy Crouds of servile Slaves,
 And sly insinuating Knaves,
 Attend his Nod, and all he says,
 Tho' e'er so wrong, they falsely praise;
 Admire his Form, his Wit commend,
 And each assure him, he's his Friend;
 That Flatt'ry is a Thing they scorn,
 " But you, my Lord, might Praise adorn."
 (For *Colin's* Fancy not confin'd,
 Had e'en a Title in his Mind)
 Gull'd, by the tinsil'd Words they spoke,
 He took the Bait and then awoke.

Again poor *Colin*—what a Change!
 In rustic Weed again to range;
 To tend his little Flock once more,
 And be the Clown he was before.
 This Life, in fact, is but a Dream,
 Our Passage to it, just the same;
 The Queen—and Peasant's Partner share
 An equal Pain, to have an Heir.
 While dreaming here, we vary may,
 And be (like *Colin*) led astray;
 In glitt'ring Wealth, and pompous State,
 We never think of the Deceit.
 But all, in Death, resemble must,
 Each turn to his primæval Dust,

Forget

Forget the Dream, says Earth, and be

Again thyself—a Part of me.

S O N G.

I.

THUS in plaintive Notes, dear Creature,

Let me but attract thine Ear;

And, by kind assistant Nature,

Make thee love and be sincere:

Love and Music must obtain

Kind Returns, for *Strepson's* Pain.

In those Eyes, I now discover

Dawning Pity for thy Swain;

Blush not, *Cynthia*, for thy Lover

Will the Flame return again:

Blest the Passion Music fir'd,

Love by Harmony inspir'd.

THE

T H E

Amazonian Gift.

IS Courage in a Woman's Breast,

Less pleasing than in Man?

And is a smiling Maid allow'd

No Weapon but a Fan?

'Tis true, her Tongue, I've heard 'em say,

Is Woman's chief Defence;

And if you'll b'lieve me, gentle Youths,

I have no Aid from thence.

And, some will say, that sparkling Eyes,
More dang'rous are, than Swords;
But I ne'er point my Eyes to kill,
Nor put I trust in Words.

Then, since the Arms that Women use,
Successful are in me;
I'll take the Pistol, Sword or Gun,
And thus equip'd, live free.

The Pattern of the *Spartan* Dame,
I'll copy as I can;
To Man, degen'rate Man, I'll give
That simple Thing, a *Fan*.

A
F A B L E.

ONCE, Love and Fancy on the Wing
Jostled as in their Flight;

Said Fancy " Love, thou poor blind Thing,

" For once I'll set thee right."

" That Voice, said Love, alas! I know,

" But pr'ythee, Fancy, why

" Shou'd I, by thy Direction go,

" Who in Meanders fly?

“ 'Tis thou, that injur'd hast my Name,

“ Delusive as thou art ;

“ And when I've light a lambent Flame,

“ You've wand'ring set the Heart.

“ Through all the Windings of the Brain,

“ A Poison you distil ;

“ Which make my best Endeavours vain,

“ And still frustrates my Will.

“ Short-sighted Mortals oft mistake

“ Thy Impulses, for mine ;

“ And ev'ry Eye, it's Beauty's make,

“ Which for a Moment shine.

“ The

“ The next new Object, has its Charms,

“ Obliterates the past ;

“ Variety the Sense disarms,

“ The fairest is the last.”

MAXIMS

M A X I M S

O F

Human Wisdom.

Translated from the French.

TO the Creator, render what is due ;
Reflect, ere aught you undertake to do.

With Caution chuse, the Company you keep ;

The Flock is often marr'd, by one scabb'd Sheep.

Of

Of those bright Talents, Nature amply gave,
 Be not vain-glorious, boast not what you have.
 To others Sentiments, it's better yield,
 Than by hot Argument to keep the Field.
 Politely give Attention to the Wise,
 Nor e'er be compotent, in your own Eyes.
 Talk not to any one, above their Sphere;
 In all your Conversations be sincere.
 Your Word inviolably keep, and take
 Due Time to think, ere you a Promise make.
 Be mild, obliging, affable and kind,
 To ev'ry human Being, well inclin'd.
 Shun Familiarity with those below you;
 Yet wear an easy Air, to all that know you.

Make

Make no Decision, 'till with Reason's Aid
 You've ev'ry Circumstance maturely weigh'd.
 Disinterestedly your Love bestow;
 Be prone to Pardon, but no Weakness shew.
 Respectfully your high Superiors treat;
 But from your Character ne'er derogate.
 Each individual's Friendship cultivate;
 Plunge not in Law-suits, to decide your Fate.
 Affairs of others, never try to learn;
 And modestly conceal your own Concern.
 With Magnanimity, lend or bestow;
 First, well convinc'd, they merit what you do.
 But if to recompence your Friend you must;
 Be nobly Grateful, if you wou'd be Just.

In what e'er Light, you'd willingly appear,
 Avoid Excess, nor let that Monster near.
 The Knowledge of yourself, with Care achieve;
 He's the worst Cheat, that does himself deceive.
 Lament his Failings, that you cannot mend;
 Slide o'er his Follies, be the faithful Friend.
 Surmount that Anger, we may Madness call,
 Nor let th' Effects of it, on any fall.
 Where Discord reigns, endeavour to make Peace;
 By Force of virtuous Deeds, revenge your Cause.
 Never with Spleen, another's Faults reprove,
 And without Flattery praise, those you approve.
 Let Moderation, ev'n Laughter rule;
 And bear a Jest, lest you be thought a Fool.

Esteem

Esteem Mankind, if Good, in ev'ry Station;
 And never criticise with Ostentation.
 Reproach not ere the Favours you bestow;
 But place them with those Secrets, none shou'd
 know.

Prevent the Wants of him that's in Distress;
 Be truly generous, without Excess.
 Subdue a growing Pride, and never speak
 But well of absent Friends, for Friendship's sake.
 That Hell-born Vice, Ingratitude, detest;
 To lengthen Life — Sobriety is best.
 Play for your Pleasure, and genteely play;
 But ne'er beyond the Bounds of Prudence stray.

Speak

Speak little, and think much, deceiving none ;

Esteem most highly, Favours to you done.

Take no Advantage of your luckless Debtor ;

Be kind, and to his Woes be no Abettor.

On the high Fortune of your Neighbour, try

To Look with Pleasure, not with Envy's Eye.

Boast not of aught — your Secrets keep — and

then

You'll be above, the vulgar Chat of Men.

A N

H Y M N.

TH E wish'd-for Day, too soon can't come,
For, Lord! I long to go;
Where I shall meet a happier Doom,
Than waits me here below.

No Tie have I, that e'er shall make
Me Wish for a Delay;
No Blessing here, but I'd forsake,
Thy Summons to obey.

O!

O! blest'd, for ever blest'd thy Word

Fulfill'd, O! let it be;

A Pardon to my Foes afford,

Then deign, to pardon me!

A broken Heart thou'lt not despise,

Nor penitential Tears;

Accompany'd with contrite Sighs,

Wherein my Grief appears.

A Grief, well-founded, fervent, great,

By Recollection brought;

A sad Review of my past State,

By aggravating Thought:

G

My

My Hopes are centred all in Thee,

Through Thee Remission crave;

And (through thy Merits) hope to be

'Mongst those which thou wilt save.

O N

The celebrated Dr. *Meadows*
of *London*.

Who has found out a Method of reducing
all Sorts of Distortions in the human
Body; and of making strait, crooked
Limbs; from the Infant State, to that of
Maturity.

O! *Meadows*, by what Art divine,
Mak'st thou the Crooked strait?

Did thy great Faith, aid thy Design,

In Search of this Receipt?

Faith moveth Mountains, who denies,
Or doubts it, e'en in Thought;
Sure all must b'lieve, when 'fore their Eyes,
The Miracle is wrought.

Each Mortal is a little World,
In whose minute Compound;
A Part of each Material is,
With due Proportion found.

At first this Globe in Order stood,
Proportionate and fair;
The Lord beheld that it was Good,
And worthy of his Care.

The

The Sins of Man, Disorder brought,
The Deluge chang'd the Scene;
Huge Mountains 'rose, and truly nought
Was, as it first had been.

Confus'd, the beauteous Work appear'd,
Into Distortion thrown;
And emblematic of its Form,
See! Man, distorted grown.

But thou, O! *Meadows*, Friend to Health,
Reclaimer of this Ill;
Thy Praise be endless—vast thy Wealth,
Success attend thy Skill!

S O N G.

I.

A Scholar first my Love implor'd,
And then an empty titled Lord;
The Pedant, talk'd in lofty Strains;
Alas! his Lordship wanted Brains:
I list'ned not, to one or t'other,
But strait referr'd them to my Mother.

A

2.

A Poet next my Love assail'd,
A Lawyer hop'd to have prevail'd;
The Bard too much approv'd himself,
The Lawyer thirsted after Pelf:
I list'ned not, to one or t'other,
But still referr'd them to my Mother.

3.

An Officer, my Heart wou'd storm,
A Miser, fought me too, in Form;
But *Mars*, was over-free and bold,
The Miser's Heart was in his Gold:
I list'ned not, to one or t'other,
Referring still unto my Mother.

G 4.

And

4.

And after them, some twenty more,
Successless were, as those before ;
When *Damon*, lovely *Damon*, came,
Our Hearts strait felt a mutual Flame ;
I vow'd I'd have him, and no other,
Without referring, to my Mother.

T O

TO THE
Honourable Miss C——
ON THE
Death of the Countess of
C——y.

BEHOLD, my Dear, our common Fate,
Whether in Indigence or State;
A King and Beggar equal stand
Expos'd, to Death's unerring Hand.

The

The Diadem protects no more,
 Than those poor Rags the Beggar wore;
 The beauteous Face, the sparkling Eye.
 Those Charms, for which whole Millions sigh;
 Can't baffle Death—for all must die.
 Cou'd Beauty e'er his Pity move,
 Was he susceptible of Love;
 Sure! C——y might hope to find
 The Conquest her's:—and to Mankind
 The conquer'd Monarch, by Surprise,
 Might send his Summons, through her Eyes.

A N

Emblematic Tale.

A Little *Snow* of Nature's own Formation,
Was launch'd and fitted out, in this same Na-
tion,

So fair to look upon, so neat and trim,
You'd think she safely might the Ocean skim.
By Females managed, Dame *Virtue* Master,
Prudence her Pilot; to prevent Disaster

Religion

Religion cast her Anchor, wisely thinking,

That buoy'd by *Hope*, they need not fear her
finking.

She, from the Harbour of paternal Love,

Was bound, the matrimonial Joys to prove.

Freighted with each Accomplishment requir'd;

The Graces Passengers, by all admir'd.

She'd scarce unfurl'd her Sails, and 'gan to steer;

When she descry'd a stately *Pirate* near.

Struck with the Beauty of this new-launch'd Barge,

He hail'd her courteously; with a Discharge

Of fine insinuating Oaths, in Vollies,

But under Hatches kept his Crimes and Follies.

Declar'd

Declar'd if she'd surrender, without Force,
 And strait agree, to join him in his Course;
 In ev'ry Prize he'd take, she should be Sharer,
 And he'd protect her Trade, cou'd aught be
 fairer?

That, to the self-same Port himself was bound,
 And it might hap, that she might run a-ground.

Virtue and Prudence with Religion held

A Minute's Counsel: Judg'd, when thus compell'd,
 'Twas Nonsense, to dispute with Force unequal;
 To yield, on honourable Terms, the Sequel.

This done, the happy *Pirate* took Possession;

And ne'er was better pleas'd, by's own Confession.

Some

Some Years they fail'd together with Success,
 And he did Riches to his Wish possess;
 Grew great in Pow'r, and lorded it o'er all
 That in the Circle, of his Course did fall.
 Nourish'd his Follies, sported with his Crimes,
 Nor fear'd to stem, foul Sin's obnoxious Slimes;
 Fell in with a mean *Brig*, of tatter'd Form,
 Whose Owner, *Lust*, had weather'd out a Storm;
 She boarded was full oft, as often turn'd
 Aloof, by her pall'd Conqu'rors, ever scorn'd.
 This unrigg'd lakey Vessel took him in,
 Blinded his Reason, and indulg'd his Sin;

Took

Took the fine Ship that he possest, in Tow,
 And broke the League, 'tween him and *Virtue's*
Snow.

New rigg'd herself, and patch'd up her Defects
 Out of the *Snow's*, monopoliz'd Effects;
 Took e'en her Compass, for she'd none herself,
 And aggrandiz'd her Crew, with stolen Pelf.

But e'er they quitted the deceived Barge,
 They wou'd a broad-side at her first discharge;

Intending, 'twas no doubt, to sink the *Snow*,
 But *Prudence* warded off th' intended Blow
 Which serv'd to make Resentment fiercer glow. }

Virtue despis'd the *Pirate*, that forsook her,
 To him a Treasure when at first he took her;

Lust

Lust steer'd his Course, to Death's avoided Port,
While fickle Fortune, made of *Virtue* Sport :

But *Patience* kindly stem'd the boist'rous Tide,
And brought a Compass, which they gladly try'd.

By this they steer'd for many Years, at length
Age and Infirmary impair'd their Strength ;

When *Patience*, lonely sitting at the Poop,
Began to faint, and ag'd *Religion* stoop.

Virtue sat nodding in the Stern below,

While *Prudence*, watchful, call'd on Hope to
know

If yet no Land appear'd? bold *Hope* cry'd out,

Tis there, I see it, tack about! about!

All

All Hands aloft—alas! the Thought was vain,
 'Tis but a Cloud, that edg'd the Western Main.
 While thus they talk'd, Intelligence went by,
 Freight'd with Truth and Falshood, loud did cry,
 Your faithless Part'ner t'other Day's arriv'd
 At his last Port, the *Brig* has rarely thriv'd.
 She has in hold, the All that he has left,
 And claims a Right, to what she's got by Theft,
 His lawful Part'ner you—exert your Right;
 Steer to the Port of Justice, 'tis in fight.
Hope clap'd her Hands, and *Prudence* tack'd
 about,
Patience 'gan smile, *Religion* soon grew stout;

H

Virtue,

Virtue, their Patroness, above appears,
 And promises her *Snow*, some happy Years.
 A prosperous Gale, fills each expanded Shroud,
 On which a thousand various Wishes croud;
 Fears do in Surges on the Ocean rise,
 No sooner seen, in Dissipation dies.
 At last she gains the wish'd-for promis'd Bay,
 And Anchor casts, by *Restoration* kay;
 She cries to Justice, to redress her Wrong,
 Her lawful Right enforc'd, by Reason strong,
 Waits the Decision of her hapless Fate,
 To make her Joy or Misery, compleat.

O D E.

IN former Days, by Wrongs oppress'd,
The injur'd Subject eas'd his Breast,

Before his Monarch's Throne;
Complain'd, in what he was aggriev'd,
Was heard with Patience, and reliev'd,
Soon as his Case was known.

2.

But now, avoided by the Croud,
The hapless Wretch, is scarce allow'd
The Privilege to speak;
Are you but deem'd unfortunate,
'Tis criminal amongst the Great,
They shun you, for it's sake.

3.

O'er-whelm'd with Sorrow, seek not Friends,
For with thy Fortune, Friendship ends,
Th' attractive Meteor fled:
Infectious Want creates Disdain,
Unpitied you may e'er remain,
And with Affliction wed.

No

4.

No kindly, charitable Hand,
Is stretch'd to save you, while you stand
On Ruin's dreadful Brink;
Your Danger is not felt or known,
They stop their Ears, nor hear you groan,
While with your Load you sink.

5.

Oh! happy Time, oh! blissful Day,
When from the Throne, a kindly Ray
Of Pity cheer'd the Heart;
When Kings cou'd judge the stated Cause,
Decide with Justice, force the Laws
To take the Mourner's Part.

O N
D E A T H.

SAY! what is there so terrible in Death;
That dastard Nature shrinks at it's Approach,
And basely trembles at the Dissolution
That parts the heav'nly Particle from Clay?
From that poor ailing Matter, that confines
The Breath of God! from mingling with the
Saints?

'Tis want of Love—of that Seraphic Love
Which we should nourish for a blest Redeemer!

'Tis

'Tis want of Confidence, and inward Light,
To reconcile, and fit us for the Change.
We've not those Longings, that the Chosen have
To be united to, and serve the Lord;
Our blind Affections, like a senseless Steel
By Pleasure's Magnet, quick attracted are;
The unmature Attachment strongly binds,
And hoodwinks Reason, from the blest Pursuit
Of that more durable and pure Delight,
Which merits our best Pains, whose Fruit is Life;
That only Goal, to which our Wish shou'd steer
For everlasting, real Happiness.
While all the Bliss we've here is transient,
And like the Morning Light, at Night's forgot,

Still the unsatiate Appetite pursues
Those fleeting Joys, that do but mock his Toil;
The shadowy Wanton, lures him on to Death,
Then vanishes, and leaves him to his Fate.

E X T E M P O R E.

O N

T H O U G H T.

I'LL think no more, it wearies me to think,
My sad Ideas, make me deeper sink,

Into

Into a sort of melancholy Mood,
That if indulg'd, portends my Soul no Good.
Despair, the Offspring is, of painful Thought,
Avaunt, ye Cares—for I will think of naught;
No more the gloomy Prospect will I view,
No more Affliction, as my Goal pursue;
But like the Bee, from Flow'r to Flow'r I'll roam,
Extract their Sweets, and carry Honey home,

A

Dialogue Song.

PHILANDER.

PRITHEE, Dear *Celia*,
If I love *Delia*,

Where's the Crime? for *Delia* is fair ;

'Tis a Man's Duty,

To adore Beauty,

I'm to each Nymph, in Turn, sincere.

CELIA.

CELIA.

Farewel, *Philander*,

I'll to *Lyfander*.

He will prize, what's slighted by you ;

Thou art deceitful,

False and ungrateful,

Do therefore now your Scheme pursue.

PHILANDER.

Forgive me, *Celia*,

Fairer than *Delia*,

Or all Nymphs, my Eyes ever view'd ;

While you are flying,

My Hopes are dying,

You've my fond Heart, alone subdu'd.

CELIA.

CELIA.

Banish'd for ever,
Be each Endeavour,
To deceive my Shepherd again ;
Pity relenteth,
Celia repenteth,
That she shou'd give one Moment's Pain.

PHILEANDER and CELIA.

Truly contented,
Our Love cemented,
Now unchang'd, for ever shall last,
Happy and fonder,
Ne'er will we wander,
Or ever think, of Trifles past.

EXTEMPORE.

EXTEMPORE.

FROM weak'ning Child-bed scarcely rais'd,
When by a raging Fever seiz'd,

Death star'd me in the Face,

I saw the Tyrant, 'fore me stand,

His Scythe held firm in either Hand,

To finish my sad Race.

But

But *Time* appear'd, and said, that Fate,
Wou'd give my Life a longer Date,

And shew'd my Glas renew'd ;
Said Death, " Then I'll to *Pery* go,
" His fleeting Soul now waits the Blow."

But *Time* his Steps pursu'd,
Again he bid him stay his Hand,
For *Pery*, by Divine Command,
Was as a Blessing giv'n !
That uplift Hands, and weeping Eyes,
An Incense grateful to the Skies !
Had gain'd this Boon of Heaven.

The

The Fatherless and Widows Cause

He pleads, and with Divine Applause

Stands Champion for the Poor:

And now, 'in Mercy to this Isle,

From Happiness he's spar'd a While,

Where his Reward's secure.

O D E

O D E

O N

His Majesty's Birth-Day.

HAIL gracious GEORGE! this blithsome
Morn,

Whereon, bright Monarch! thou wert born:

Endow'd by Nature with each Charm,

That might the coldest Bosom warm;

With ev'ry Virtue richly stor'd,

Nay, all that Heaven cou'd afford,

To

To make thee fear'd, admir'd, and lov'd,
Thy ev'ry Sentiment approv'd,
From Wisdom, still, is known to rise;
For GEORGE'S Actions speak him wise.
No bombast Wit, but solid Sense
Appears in modest Eloquence;
And Reas'ning sound, is known to spring
From GEORGE'S Lips,—our Patriot King.

Sedition, by thy gentle Sway,
Shall hide her Head, and die away;
Her Sons, asham'd to own her Cause,
Shall quit her Banner :—and our Laws

Unshaken by their Foes, shall stand,
 Our GEORGE! the Guardian of our Land.
 Destructive Malice shall dissolve,
 And Hatred into Love resolve;
 Cabals and Parties, shun the Light,
 And sink into eternal Night:
 No one shall with the other vie,
 Save, who best keeps up Harmony.
 The * Lion, thus united grows
 A Terror to his distant Foes;
 Each Member acting with the § Head,
 Shall make the World, his Power dread.

* *England.*

§ *The King.*

Entwin'd the Rose and Thistle join,
 For GEORGE is sprung from *Scota's* Loin;
 And who shou'd not approve the Stem,
 Which gave to *England* such a Gem?
 Transplanted into || *Eden's* Breast,
 It is of richer Soil possest;
 The Thistle's scented by the Rose,
 That with the Thistle stronger grows,
 And, join'd, an equal Lustre throws.
 The Thistles Purple Hue, display
 The Colour of the King's Array:

|| *England* the Garden of *Eden*.

The Rose, the Emblem is of Health,
 It's Prickles Strength, and Sweetness Wealth;
 And may each Blessing they declare,
 Fall to our Royal Sov'reign's Share.
 May Health and Strength, with Wealth attend
 His gracious Steps, and Blessings send
 Still to his Wish, without an End.
 May Length of Days, with lasting Peace,
 His Happiness,—and our's encrease;
 His Royal Issue fill the Throne,
 And GEORGE still shine, where GEORGE had
 shone:

From GEORGE, successive GEORGE's spring,
 In Name and Sense—our present King.

ON THE
Landing of his Excellency
THE
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

1763.

IERNE wipes away the silent Tear,
And with fond Smiles doth welcome *Percy* here ;
With open Arms she meets her honour'd Guest,
And takes Great *George*, in *Percy*, to her Breast.

Most wishfully she gazes on his Face,
 Then seals her Pleasure, with a close Embrace,
 Thrice welcome! says she, to this fertile Isle,
 Where Peace and Harmony, are wont to smile;
 Where Trade and Commerce, raise on high their
 Head,
 And Arts and Science wonderfully spread;
 Where Hospitality and Freedom reign,
 Encircled, like thy *Britain*, by the Main.

Behold! my Sons in Crouds, thy Landing greet,
 And *Sol* replendent shines, on all you meet;
 The glitt'ring God emblazons all around,
 And, like the Day, each Face in Smiles is crown'd.

Auspicious

Auspicious Omen!—such O may it prove!
 And may'st thou, *Percy*, all our Fears remove
 Lull busy Faction into soft Repose,
 Or rather crush this horrid, worst of Foes.
 Ideal Grievance, is our greatest Ill,
 We form the Evils—and, like Children, still
 We start at Bugbears—by our Fancy drest,
 Altho' we've genuine Courage in each Breast.
 We're grateful, loyal, jealous of our Rights,
 Kindness our Love—but Wrongs our Hate excites.
 Fierce in Resentment, but in Nature Mild,
 Bright in our Genius, tho' in Manners wild.

Thus, I the Portrait of my Sons have giv'n:
 To them, prove thou the bount'ous Gift of Heav'n!

Reclaim them from their Error—save my Fame ;
 'Tis not a Task, unworthy *Percy's* Name.

Adorn'd with Beauty, and it's native Sweets,
 Behold! my Daughters, thy fair Part'ner greets,
 Truth, Innocence and Love, at once combine,
 To speak them lovely,—these conspicuous
 shine

In Fair *Northumberland!* and seem divine!

Her bright Example, shall new Lustre give
 To all their Charms;—they'll thankfully receive
 The pleasing Lesson, which shall glide unknown
 Into their Hearts, and so become their own.

Fair Virtue, in Example, hath more Sway,
 Than all the Precepts which the Sage convey

In

In Speech austere :—and she that represents
Britannia's Queen, all Excellence cements
Within herself—and gently deals around
Those heav'nly Virtues, that's in her Compound.

Thus spoke *Hibernia*, and our Viceroy, see!—
With Looks complacent, seems for to agree
To her Request: his benign Aspect wears
So good a Grace, it banishes our Fears;
New Life restores to ev'ry Patriot Heart,
And He, like GEORGE, shall act the Father's
Part;
Defend our Rights, our Liberties and Laws,
And still atchieve the popular Applause!

THE

THE
Hibernian Toast.

Tune, *God save the King.*

I.

GOD save our native Land!
To whom *Northumberland*

Happiness brings ;
To make our Bliss compleat,
He comes with Love repleat ;
Sent us by GEORGE the Great!
Our best of Kings!

Strike,

2.

Strike, strike the Harp in Praise,

Of our lov'd Monarch!—raise

Your Voice and sing,

Extatic be the Lay,

Our Wishes to convey;

Each true *Hibernian* pray .

God save the King!

3.

Full fraught with ev'ry Grace,

In Person, Mind and Face,

Percy

Percy behold !

GEORGE fought the Man to find,

Free, gen'rous, noble, kind,

And found in *Percy's* Mind

Virtue enroll'd.

4.

He is an Abstract fair

Of all those Virtues rare

That daily spring,

In our lov'd Monarch's Breast;

Percy! in Wisdom dress'd!

Must make this People blest;

God save the King!

5.

Fill to the Brim, each Glas;

Let us the World surpass:

In Loyalty ;

Let ev'ry Action, shew

How we united grow

A Terror to our Foe,

When we agree.

6.

May *Percy*! Health command;

Of Fair *Northumberland*

Each

Each Valley ring;

Blessing—by all she's blest,

Of Virtues Rare possést :

Which in her Sons confest,

Happily spring.

7.

Joy to us all around,

Let us with Mirth abound

In Concert sing;

Each true Heart, join his Voice,

With one Accord rejoice,

And bless the happy Choice

Of GEORGE, our King.

EXTEMPORE,

E X T E M P O R E,
The Day of the Coronation of

Their Sacred Majesties

King *George* and Queen *Charlotte*.

*J*OVE smiles, and azures o'er the Welkin's
Height,

Sol, at his Nod, resplendent shines around ;

The Cloud-pent Rains, forbidden are to fall,

• All Nature seems unusually serene.

While

While the glad People, in loud Peals, bespake

The Joy, that 'bounds in ev'ry loyal Breast :

Thus are our Sovereigns, with one Consent

Of Heav'n and Earth, *Britannia's* Guardians

crown'd.

A
R H A P S O D Y.

HOW sweet the Contemplation, of that High
Tremendous Ruler of Eternity!

To think, how Great! how Good! how Wise that
God!

Who puts whole Worlds in Motion, at His Nod.
Made that bright, glitt'ring Planet, call'd the
Sun,

Which doth its daily Course, to light us, run;

K Transparent

Transparent Skies, whose Curtain-clouds deny
A boundless Prospect to the aching Eye,
And screen that Glory, from our mortal View,
As if to say, the Sight's too grand for you.

Alas! I know, the Rays that dart around,
That burnish'd Orb, doth ev'ry Sense confound;
At first the daring Sight, Distinction loseth,
And the refulgent Beams, your Thoughts confuseth.

A Megrim seizeth on the heated Brain,
And tortur'd Nature, fluttereth with Pain.

The

The unstrung Nerves, their wonted Vigour miss,

The Stomach sickens, and the Blood doth hiss.

But for a Moment longer, you're no more,

The kindred Planet, will the Soul explore;

Look on the Earth,—the Agitation's o'er.

Th' attractive Qualities in either found,

Keep us thus, on the Surface of the Ground;

Most fixt to that, that's most in our Compound.

How vain is it, to wish for length of Days,

To be excluded from Delights like these,

Which our indulgent Father, that's above,

Decrees for those he condescends to love.

In these enraptur'd Thoughts, my Soul takes
Flight,

And boldly mixes with the Sons of Light.

My fir'd Imagination soars on high.

And giveth Heaven, to my Fancy's Eye.

O! what Delight, what endless Joys await
The pardon'd Sinner; happy, glorious State,
Hark! how the Hallelujah's echoing ring
In Praise of Heaven's great, immortal King!
The downy pinion'd Angels waft the Sound,
And Holy, Holy Lord, 's the Chorus round.

What! in a Moment have I lost the Sight?
Doom'd, yet to wander in this Vale of Night;
Imprison'd,

Imprison'd, in this ailing earthly Form,
To weather out Affliction's blasting Storm:
To stem the Tide of Sorrow passing by,
And wait my Summons, to Eternity.

O D E.

THE filent—yet the the tender Sigh,
The pallid Cheek, the fireless Eye

Reveal my hidden Smart;
The starting Tear, betrays my Pain,
Which to conceal, I strive in vain,
Lie still, rebellious Heart.

Those

Those Ensigns of my fond Despair,

I've us'd, alas! my utmost Care,

To shield from ev'ry Eye;

E'en to *Sylvanus*, I wou'd too

Disguise my Love; but if I do

I in the Combat die.

The sad Constraint, my Strength subdues,

Then through my dear indulgent Muse

Oh! let my Passion speak;

Let me, in tender Notes, declare

The soft Occasion of my Care,

Then Death thy Victim take.

Sylvanus, dear, belov'd, Ingrate,

Thou Arbitrator of my Fate,

Yet hear me, ere I go;

I love—alas! it is too true,

I die—my Sentence pass'd by you,

Thy Coldness gives the Blow.

Behold! thy Image is impress'd,

Within my Heart, and there confest,

The Source of each Desire;

Ah! can you then, untouch'd behold

The Woe, that's thus pathetic told,

And bid my Hopes expire.

Shall

Shall I, condemn'd, a Victim prove

To my invariable Love,

And Death from thee receive?

Oh! rather, my fond Flame return,

No longer let me sigh and mourn,

But kindly bid me live.

O D E

O D E

ON THE

Birth-Day of her Sacred Majesty

Queen *CHARLOTTE*,

Celebrated on *January* 18, 1764.

RECITATIVE.

BE thine the Task, *Urania!* to display
The Charms of *Britain's* Queen! bright Gift of *May*,
Whose Birth's commemorated on this Day :

Apollo

Apollo deigns, t' accompany the Strain,
While glad *Ierne*, doth her Joy explain,
With smiling Mirth, and Concord in her Train.

AIR.

O Gracious Queen!—thrice happy Land,
That boasts a Gem so rare;

Whose dazzling Virtues must command

Our Love, and warmest Care:

Celestial Wreaths shall grace thy Brow,

Wherein a People's Wishes glow.

CHORUS.

Strike the reverberating String,

The Praise of GEORGE and CHARLOTTE sing;

With

With melting Sounds so Silver sweet,
The loyal Friends of *Brunswic* greet,
Your Voices raise with Heart elate,
And bless the Guardians of our State;
The Trumpet's louder Notes best shew
The Joys, that in our Bosoms glow.

RECITATIVE.

Pleas'd Heaven! view'd the Royal Pair,
And to their Virtues gave an Heir;
And still our Happiness t' encrease,
Hath giv'n another Pledge of Peace.

AIR.

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AIR.

Soft connubial Joys await 'em,

In their lovely Cherub Race;

Their sweet Smiles, at once elate 'em,

And secure domestic Peace :

In each Feature,

Form and Nature,

Our lov'd Monarch blooms a-new ;

CHARLOTTE traces,

GEORGE's Graces,

In their Faces,

GEORGE! in them, sees CHARLOTTE too.

DUETTO.

(158)

DUETTO.

Ev'ry smiling Joy attend 'em,
May no private Feuds offend 'em;
Hydra-headed, Party-Rage,
Their soft Clemency assuage;
Royal Bounty, chain our Love,
And all jealous Fears remove.

RECITATIVE.

To thee, *Hibernia*, GEORGE a Blessing sent,
To quell Sedition, and thy Love cement;
In his NORTHUMBERLAND the Boon behold!
In whose bright Character, we find enroll'd

The

The rarest Virtues. Fair NORTHUMBERLAND!
Deals bounteous Blessings too, with lavish Hand,
Kindly encouraging each native Art,
Making Impression fair, on ev'ry Heart.

CHORUS.

Bless, O! bless the Royal Pair,
To *Ierne* ever Dear ;
May such happy Days as this,
Long be kept, with added Bliss.
Joys unutterable spring,
Daily to our Queen and King ;
Ever happy may they be,
Who support our Liberty !

T H E E N D.

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